D[illegible] the Indiana Literary Belt

THESE DAYS
BY
ABE MARTIN

And perhaps, years after he is dead, the lofty critics will speak, as they now do of Artemus Ward, of the great and American satire of Kin Hubbard (Abe Martin). —Franklin P. Adams (F. P. A.) in the New York World.

Author's Edition

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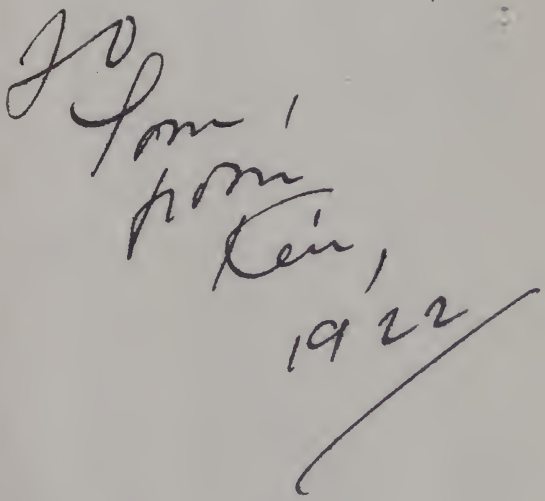

These Days

A sort of a paragraphic review of the fads and foibles and waves and trends of the present age

By

Abe Martin

(Kin Hubbard)

Pictures by the Author

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To My Friend

Joseph T. Stokes

Analytical Chemist and World Traveler

The contents of this volume have been compiled from the columns of The Indianapolis News and revised, remounted and arranged by the author.

Abe Martin

From a sketch made on the day our great annual coal strike was settled until the next time.

A peck o' trouble hain't t' be mentioned in th' same breath with a quart.

Practically all th' fishin's done by folks that don't need 'em.

General Apathy has put more men in office than all th' silver tongued orators put t'gether.

Henry Ford hain't only made millions, but think, too, o' th' great fortunes that have been piled up by th' makers o' Ford adjuncts such as shock absorbers, starters an' boudoir caps.

"Th' Democrats are so shiftless," complained ole Niles Turner t'day. "They didn' even git one good, full campaign out o' th' world war, while th' R'publicans have been capitalizin' th' rebellion fer over fifty years.

Ther hain't any more purtier girls t'day than ther ever wuz. Ther skirts are only shorter.

It's jest about got so we can't find a place t' park an' see a the-ater show all in one evenin'.

When anything does happen t' come out all right it's jest like findin' it fer th' pessimist.

"Well, if he had any good qualities we'll prob'ly hear about 'em now," said ole Niles Turner t'day, when he heard Tipton Bud's father wuz dead.

We might as well git ready fer th' long, dull, stringy interval between bobbed hair an' enough t' do up.

THESE DAYS

If you watch th' face o' th' feller you're talkin' to you kin nearly allus tell when t' quit.

Th' feller that marries these days may know what kind o' ankles he's gittin', but he's takin' a long shot on th' face an' disposition.

"We may buy a litle coal t' use in case o' sickness, but th' engine keeps our sedan het up jest fine," says Mrs. Art Beasley.

Miss Fawn Lippincut didn' register this fall cause she couldn' remember how ole she wrote she wuz last fall.

Eatin downtown is growin' more'n more general as women become more'n more "enlightened."

Th' feller that waits fer th' right girl t' come along these days is goin' t' git confused.

Pustmaster Art Smiley, who tried t' stir up enough p'litical enthusiasm t' stage a torchlight procession, is still in th' asylum.

Where wuz all th' money when we didn' have autos?

We don't have t' dress like a corpse t' be good.

A woman is th' blamedest thing. She'll kill her husband's vote an' then turn right around an' charge a new hat t' him.

JANUARY

We kin recall when a mother-in-law wuz a liability, but t'day she's one o' th' modern conveniences.

THESE DAYS

Th' best of all th' more daylight movements is washin' th' windows.

Hain't it a grand an' glorious feelin' t' come t' a blocked street that we kin cross with impunity?

"It's goin' t' be fierce t' jump out of an auto when long skirts git all th' rage," says Miss Tawney Apple.

We counted forty-nine autos, averagin' $1,800 apiece, parked around th' courthouse t'day, an' we kin remember when if a feller bought a phaeton he wuz suspected o' havin' inherited th' money.

So fer th' political cannydate haint thought o' anything t' catch th' woman vote 'cept an occasional shave.

THESE DAYS

An occasional crisis is a fine thing t' show up th' side steppers.

Democrat Alvin Bentley, who's workin' in th' pustoffice under civil service, says he'd git married if he had a steady job.

Some folks are so lazy they have a new auto delivered.

Th' difference between a good sport an' an easy mark is scarcely discernible.

Two homely people allus seem t' be so genuinely glad t' git t'gether.

Nobuddy kin listen in if you say it with flowers.

Most folks jest won't say "nominated" instead of "anominated" even after we tell 'em about it.

Th' new janitor o' th' courthouse used t' be an editur till fortune smiled on him.

Banty Kite, who's seein' th' world in th' reg'lar army, is still lookin' at Fort Harrison.

Ther's no waste t' a dime's worth o' liver but th' thumb.

Somehow sickness or a late train never seem t' keep a tiresome speaker from fillin' a date.

Th' feller that's willin' an' pleasant soon builds up an awful business.

We've allus noticed that th' fellers with th' most civic pride don't pay any taxes.

Th' conversation never gits t' goin' good till th' hostess starts th' Victroly.

Fellers that can't speak never let on when they're called on, but go right ahead an' speak.

THESE DAYS

We don't have t' have a receivin' set t' git in on the crime wave.

We don't believe anybuddy wuz ever too good t' be a clerkin', even if lots o' them do act like it.

We kin remember when a woman wuz satisfied t' be known as th' wife o' somebuddy.

What's become o' th' ole fashioned girl that used t' drop out o' sight when crossed in love?

Wouldn't it be fine if we could run out o' debt?

Skirts may git back t' ther ole length, but women 'll allus cross ther legs on th' front porch.

Some folks are never as happy an' glowin' as when they're tryin' t' make us sorry that we've missed somethin'.

No matter how wretched times git, ther's allus plenty o' want ads fer "good salesmen."

"Anybuddy that's ever had a house painted would never select a complexion from a color card," says Mrs. Em Moon.

A lovely party wuz given at th' home o' Mrs. Lafe Bud last evenin' fer Mrs. Al Mopps, who's soon t' institute proceedin's fer divorce.

THESE DAYS

Ther's too blamed many new ways t' spend money an' not 'nough new ways t' git it.

Miss Tawney Apple got her ears out t'day an' she didn' look so bad in 'em.

Who remembers when evangelists instead o' doctors used t' save our drunkards?

Next t' a neat an' fatherly lookin' confidence man, nothin' operates under as many aliases as a Ben Davis apple.

Somebuddy asked Al Mopps why he didn' tackle any kind o' work he could git, an' he said, "I tried that four or five years ago an' somethin' better never did show up."

FEB-U-ARY

"A man allus acts like a sheep killin' dog when he asks fer credit, but a woman 'll be wearin' silk stockin's an' smile her purtiest when she charges a sack o' corn meal," says Elmer Moots, o' th' Cash Grocery.

THESE DAYS

It seems like th' hardest thing is bein' good without paradin' it.

Women allus speak o' some young married couple as "apparently" gittin' along.

Gushy people kin be as nice t' talk to as anybuddy—when they're tired out.

Lots o' things baffle description, but they don't baffle folks that try t' tell about 'em.

"I didn' git hardly any sleep at all last night on account o' burglars cursin' o'er a swollen dresser drawer," complained Mrs. Tilford Moots, this mornin'.

CRIMINALS AN' HOME TRAININ'.

By Constable Plum.

I want t' bitterly ridicule th' conclusion recently arrived at by th' International Conference of Police Chiefs that lack o' home trainin' is responsible fer our criminals. In so fer as regards that's concerned, ther hain't nothin' into it. Lack o' home trainin,' lack o' watchfulness on th' part o' parents, may result in pranks an' little misdemeanors on th' part o' youngsters, but th' worst defaulters an' sharpers an' sneaks I've ever knowed had good folks. Some o' them wuz educated fer th' ministry, an' all o' them had been home trained right down t' th' minute. Ole Allison Peabody,

CONSTABLE PLUM IN ACTION

back in th' seventies, wuz sixty-five years ole an' highly trained before he had an opportunity t' steal. He had allus been in th' newspaper business before he wuz elected county treasurer. Al Timmons's big auto wuz stolen by his own brother who'd never been away from home but once in his life. Tipton Bud has got a nephew that wuz raised in an apartment an' never had no home life an' he's almost twenty-two years ole an' has never been in trouble. O' course it's fine fer folks t' set a good example fer ther children an' urge 'em t' be honest so that when they git put in jail they feel like they'd done ther best t' train 'em. Pearl Slocum, that wuz electrocuted in th' east a few days ago fer murderin' an aged couple fer seventy cents, wore spectacles when he wuz a little boy an' recited in public. He had a goat an' a velocipede an' wuz a well trained normal boy an' didn' leave home t' go t' work till he wuz thirty-two. It's not generally known, but Jake Bentley has a boy in th' penitentiary.

He's been ther fer years as a confirmed criminal. He wuz well raised, educated an' polished, but he couldn' go near a pen an' ink without forgin'. Fer a long time his folks hid th' ink bottle, but when fountain pens become cheap an' plentiful ther wuz no controllin' him, so he had t' be put in th' jug. Fer ever' brutal, clumsy crime committed by some dull ignorant feller of obscure origin, ther's ten well planned atrocious crimes committed by smart, educated an' responsible fiends with A1 early trainin'. Jest recount th' crimes o' th' last few months that wuz committed by well connected, well raised an' even well-t'-do criminals. So well connected an' well-t'-do, in fact, that most of 'em are goin' free as fast as they're tried. Ther's some purty good an' substantial people in this country that didn' even have homes, t' say nothin' o' home trainin'. Also ther's a lot o' well bred crooks that are gittin' by on account o' their splendid early environment. Let our police chiefs give more

time t' roundin' up criminals an' not worry about how they originate.

Ther's less waste t' courtesy than anything else.

Joe Kite is lettin' his grocery bill grow till Bryan's elected.

After a careful observation coverin' a wide period, we've discovered that th' louder a feller laughs at nothin' th' more pop'lar he is.

Nothin' keeps a girl at home these days but bein' out o' paint.

Ferd Bentley, whose wife has disappeared, wuz in town, t'day, shakin' hands with himself.

Th' good die young, but reformers often worry along till they're eighty.

Marryin' fer money an' marryin' fer love have both more or less failed, but we hain't never had no statistics on marryin' fer a housekeeper.

Young authors musn' git stuck up 'cause magazines accept ther stories, fer that's no sign they're good.

What's th' use o' havin' any rights if we've got t' keep waivin' 'em all th' time or git killed?

We kin remember when th' most pop'lar feller in town didn' even own his dress suit, but borrowin' a car hain't so easy.

THESE DAYS

Cantaloupes are jest like women—we kin thump 'em, an' lift 'em, an' squeeze 'em, but we can't tell a blamed thing about 'em till its too late.

We'd no more venture across a downtown street these days than we'd be an outstandin' figure in Ireland.

Speakin' o' hungry Democrats, Tell Binkley has closed his office an'll devote all his time t' succeedin' Pustmaster Ike Lark, whose term expires a year from next Aprile.

Jim Beasley shot an' killed a burglar by mistake last night. He thought it wuz his separated wife comin' back fer a few simple belongin's.

If it wuzn' fer golf we'll bet business men would be gittin' mighty impatient about th' return o' prosperity.

MARCH

Lafe Bud talked some o' startin' a new drug store, but he decided ther wuz too many resturints here now.

THESE DAYS

Th' way most folks would run a newspaper has been tried thousan's o' times.

Newspapers so often speak o' some feller "winnin' fair bride" when fair t' middlin' would be nearer th' truth.

Nothin' makes us as sore as buyin' a swell weddin' present fer somebuddy, an' then readin' in a week or two that ther split up.

"My, how th' months slip away," says Mrs. Lib Pash, who's trying t' keep tab on th' McCormicks.

Why call it th' "liberal element" when it kicks on payin' $150 a case.

THESE DAYS

Wherever prosperity's parked it must be covered with stickers.

Ike Lark had a kick comin' yisterday, but it only got as fer as Greencastle.

While throwin' up his hands Saturday afternoon Cashier Lester Moon, o' th' Peoples Bank, cut several of his fingers on a chandelier globe.

Ther wuz a party at th' Tilford Moots home, last night, an' th' house wuz full from cellar t' garret.

We've allus noticed that th' folks that git th' most out of a holiday are also our most prominent non-producers.

THESE DAYS

Some stranger asked Miss Tawney Apple t' git in his car last evenin', but she felt too tired t' walk.

Bill Hays is th' first American t' retire at th' zenith of his fame since Mary Anderson dropped out o' Pygmalion & Galatea t' git married.

"Won't they ever quit askin' fer money?" said ole Niles Turner, t'day, when he heard ther wuz t' be a fox drive.

What's become o' th' feller that used t' chew th' ends o' his mustache?

An incompetent bank robber nearly allus comes t' some bad end.

THESE DAYS

You can't live off a garden without almost livin' in it.

A reformer must feel like givin' up when he reads, "Th' police chief called in all bootleggers an' dope peddlers believin' they might throw some light on th' crime."

Next t' th' bill board posters demandin' that we go t' work, th' latest innovation is a law enforcement conference.

Our idee o' inexcusable mismanagement is marryin' three times fer money an' then runnin' in debt fer a lawyer.

Ever'buddy said in 1918 that we'd never be able t' repay our soldier boys an' it seems they wuz right.

THESE DAYS

Th' feller with a wide circle o' friends must be doin' a fine credit business.

Bootlegger Ike Lark has t' git shaved standin' up.

A tall, dark stranger walked around th' courthouse three times last evenin', but evidently couldn' find a car he could start.

"It must be fine t' git pickled an' boisterous in your own home an' know you won't git put out," said Lafe Bud, this mornin'.

Th' tired business man ought t' be purty well rested up by this time, t' say nothin' o' bein' rusty.

Th' Art Embroidery Club met last night an' discussed skirts at some length.

THESE DAYS

Nobuddy ever questions our other attributes if we're known as good pay.

Miss Pansy Moots, aged 'leven, is quite an accomplished elocutionist an' recites eagerly.

We should think that one o' th' worst things about gittin' in trouble would be havin' an ole discarded wife show up at th' jail.

Th' bandit that stole four barrels o' elderberry wine from th' jail, last night, is described by Watchman Joe Mapes as bein' o' medium hight, light gray $2 hat, tiny scar under chin, a gold tooth, hair parted on left side, turquoise cuff buttons, a knot in one shoe lace, five buttons on cuffs o' coat, a tan leather billfold, an' light blue eyes.

THESE DAYS

Lester Moon, is th' new cashier o' th' Peoples Bank, succeedin' Laurel Spry, five ft., light complexioned, prominent Adams apple.

Th' telephone is mighty handy fer folks that color up when they lie.

Th' family doctor must have a time locatin' his patients.

"Speakin' o' high prices, I don't even feel cheap anymore like I used t' occasionally," says Tell Binkley.

Mrs. Tipton Bud missed th' first two reels at th' Fairy Grotto last night as she had t' hold a burglar till th' constable come.

APRILE

A cannydate has t' be purty versatile these days t' know how t' address th' women, th' plain people, an' duplex owners.

THESE DAYS

It's jest about got so it takes more time than money t' look nifty.

Auto traffic is gittin' so thick that you're nearer t' where you want t' go if you stay at home than you would be if you tried t' drive there.

What few folks we've seen that claimed t' be wedded t' ther art looked mighty unhappy.

Ther's very little discussion o' th' unemployment problem down our way, 'cept by folks that wouldn' work anyhow.

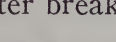
Tell Binkley found a clove while rumagin' thro' an ole white vest this mornin'.

THESE DAYS

Th' commonest error these days is imagin' we know a good thing.

When Squire Marsh Swallow heard that Sen. Lodge wuz re-elected, his face darkened up as if he'd lost a good parkin' place.

We hardly ever hear of an unhappy home any more now that ever'buddy dolls up an' digs out after breakfast.



Ther hain't no doubts in a little town t' git th' benefit of like ther is in a city.

"Th' town wuz so crowded Sunday night I had t' park in front of a church," said Jake Bentley, t'day.

THESE DAYS

What's worse 'n findin' one good glove?

Lafe Bud an' his wife had quite an argyment last night. She said it seemed like ages since they wuz married an' he stoutly maintained it wuz longer.

Th' mayor o' Youngstown, Ohio, made such a hit by resignin' that they nearly nominated him fer Gov'nor.

Ever' girl has an age when she thinks she could live without a sedan with th' man she loves.

Mrs. Su Moots has a pearl-handled revolver, but is still married.

TH' PROF. ELMER PEG DESERTION CASE.

By Mrs. Tilford Moots.

Ther's a great moral lurkin' in th' Prof. Elmer Peg desertion case, that comes up at th' fall term o' court, a great lesson fer all, male an' female, that contemplate gittin' married. Elmer Peg made th' common, age-old mistake o' gittin' married before he found himself, before he knowed what his life work wuz t' be. He wuz workin' in a saw-mill when he married Myrtie Tate, a girl ever'-way qualified t' grace a mill hand's home, an' had he continued as a mill hand he wouldn' be where he is t'day which is in th' jug with a

ELMER PEG AN' WIFE IN TH' EARLY SAW MILL DAYS

prison term confrontin' him, as he has no money. His wife erred too. She should have cast about till she found a beau less ambitious an' likely t' rise in th' world. Perhaps, like all girls high or low, she did not stop t' think what she wuz doin'. She prob'ly reasoned, "here's a chance t' git married" an' grabbed it. But Elmer Peg an' his wife lived happily enough until in an evil moment he left th' saw mill t' become a school teacher. His new callin' cast him 'mongst women folks, an' it wuz only a few days till he developed a likin' fer a willowy organ teacher o' gentle blood. As he learned t' know her better it begun t' dawn on him that he'd married beneath him. He commenced t' regret that he wuz not single agin. Th' tussle with his conscience grew fiercer an' fiercer day by day. Finally he an' th' organ teacher decided they couldn' live without each other. All th' while th' fat, simple, hard-workin' wife an' mother kept singin' as she picked her way 'mongst her cooin',

sprawlin', crawlin' children, an' looked after th' routine duties o' th' home. Several times she thought she detected a growin' coolness in th' attitude of her school teacher husband, but she dismissed th' ugly thought, an' attributed his demeanor t' th' complex an' arduous duties o' his profession, an' that wuz purty good reasonin' fer an uncultured wild flower utterly unacquainted with th' ways o' th' world. With nine little children she wuz too busy t' watch her husband, an' as is too often th' case, she wuz too dependent on him t' git him mad, much as it would have pleased him, fer then he would have had some sort of an alibi fer his sneakin' conduct, prob'ly incompatability. Anyhow, Prof. Elmer Peg an' his sweetheart organ teacher run off t'gether. Public sympathy rushed out at once t' th' deserted wife an' children, an' an aroused community demanded that no stone be left unturned t' apprehend th' desertin' fiend. O' course he wuz found in due time, as you

can't escape justice an' carry a woman. In a statement t' Constable Newt Plum, who went t' Hurley, Wisconsin, t' bring him back, th' professor said that he'd long considered makin' a change, that his wife dressed too loose, that she made no effort t' reduce, an' that she wuz no help t' him in his work. But as th' train pulled in an' he seen his wife standin' in th' crowd, he cried: "I never seen Myrtie look as purty. Somebody has dolled her up. Constable, all I ask is another chance!" But he wuz too late, an' soon th' great iron door closed behind him an' he wuz in a felon's cell.

Th' best sign o' prosperity is "Men Wanted."

Insurance Solicitor Fremont Kite is carryin' a line o' white mule so he kin git in t' talk insurance.

JUNE

"Well, we know where she is now," said Mrs. Em Moots, t'day, when her daughter wuz buried.

THESE DAYS

Too many people only pay as they go till they git so fer.

We don't know who fixes th' price on wheat an' hogs, but we would like t' meet th' feller personally who fixed th' rate th' farmer charges fer pullin' a car out o' a ditch.

Very few men have even noticed that th' girls are bobbin' ther hair.

It may be tough sleddin' fer workin' men, but we've never seen workin' girls as prosperous lookin' as they are these days.

Th' disappearance o' Miss Mamie Lark is still a deep mystery. She's not been seen since last Thursday evenin' when, after eatin' a hearty meal, she chatted pleasantly with members of her household about wishin' she had a fur coat.

THESE DAYS

A bad cold, or business reasons, never held anybuddy back that had a pass.

Th' lightnin' rod agent must sigh fer th' good ole "jays."

Speakin' of optimists, th' feller that jest methodically sets out t' git married hain't so bad.

Ther's a front seat hog in ever' family.

No matter how young you feel, you're gittin' ole when you tell somebuddy th' same story three times.

A rich gran'mother never gits in th' way.

We kin remember when women got ther hair bobbed on account o' typhoid fever they kept out o' sight like a clipped collie.

A flapper fell down stairs comin' out o' th' Beauty Shop t'day, but as good luck would have it she lit sticky side up.

Th' stingiest feller we've heard of yit is Lon Moon. He had a toy balloon vulcanized.

Ever'thing fer th' home under th' sun is exhibited at th' Home Complete show but Bibles an' marble-top tables.

THESE DAYS

We're all strangers when it comes t' findin' Easy Street.

"Women in politics is th' limit," says 'Squire Marsh Swallow, "Nobuddy knowed Lester Moon wuz a Democrat till he failed t' git a invitation t' th' Bentley weddin'."

If beauty is skin deep some flappers are poor judges o' thickness.

Some folks seem t' take more delight in thinkin' they're indispensible than they could possibly git out of a vacation.

What's become o' th' ole time groom who looked ever' inch a provider?

THESE DAYS

Th' only way t' hold your own is jest t' refuse ever'buddy.

Finley Newcomb wuz found dead in his house, t'day, by neighbors who'd become alarmed at not smellin' any mash cookin'.

Some o' these young wealthy dudes ought t' drive dog catcher's trucks so ther girls couldn' jump out.

Ther's books on th' care o' lawns, hogs, bulbs, Airdales, poultry an' fruit trees, but nobuddy has ever written anything on takin' care o' friends.

Mrs. Em Moots' niece is suin' her husband fer divorce. They first met about two months ago while servin' on th' same jury.

THESE DAYS

Bank cashiers seem t' be doin' too much backin' an' not enough side steppin'.

We don't have t' stand on th' corner very long t' realize what a hard time th' Follies must have in scarin' up enough shapely girls t' give a show.

Hard luck jest seems t' pursue Al Bentley. His fifteen-year-old daughter hain't workin', his cow died in January, neuritis developed in his right arm t'day an' he owns his own home.

Our idee o' somethin' t' worry about, next t' th' orign o' man, is who's goin' t' make th' beds in th' Oser livery stable th' day Max lays off t' git married.

Mr. Lemmie Peters, who graduated with such signal honors some years ago, has several things in view, but nothin' in sight.

THESE DAYS

We've allus noticed that a feller that kin turn his hand t' anything is loafin'.

"Winkin' at th' law 'll produce crows' feet around th' left eye," writes Miss Fawn Lippincut t' a beauty magazine.

'Squire Marsh Swallow has granted Bootlegger Ike Lark a 30-day reprieve so he kin fill some banquet orders he's contracted fer.

Th' best thing about a speech by radio is that we don't have t' be a doctor t' walk out on it.

Ther's allus an evil minded person in ever crowd t' put a livery stable construction on nearly ever'thing that's said.

THESE DAYS

Some women are so given t' boastin' that they brag on how much money ther husbands save under prohibition.

"Another thing about prohibition," says Mrs. Em Moon, "I hain't had t' put a paper under my husband's plate since th' saloons went out."

Lafe Bud has reserved a table an' a doctor fer New Year's eve at th' Palace hut-tel.

Mrs. Em Pash's brother suicided t'day by drinkin' holiday liquor.

We never know any more whether th' feller that walks in our office carryin' a leather case is goin' t' try t' sell us a set of O. Henry or a set of Ole Nelson.

THESE DAYS

What th' country really needs is common sense an' Christianity, an' neither p'litical party is long on either.

Federal prohibition officers swooped down on th' blacksmith shop t'day, but it wuz only a horse gittin' shod.

Tell Binkley is passin' a petition around t' git Bootlegger Ike Lark out if he ever gits in jail.

Uncle Ez Pash an' wife celebrated ther golden weddin' t' light business Saturday.

Distiller Joe Mopps didn' fire up this mornin' as th' wind wuz in th' wrong direction.

JULY

We have favorite actors, favorite grocers, an' favorite doctors, but we don't believe anybuddy ever had a favorite coal dealer.

THESE DAYS

People who tell ever'thing they know wouldn' be so bad if they'd stop there.

It's too bad th' feller that drinks varnish can't see his finish.

We allus wonder if a policeman chases a bandit as fast as he kin.

Some folks are so mean an' grouchy most o' th' time that when they are a trifle pleasant we almost want t' give 'em a little kiss.

"I'd like t' go t' Floridy," said Ike Lark, t'day. "I hain't been out o' town, 'cept when th' grand jury meets, fer years."

THESE DAYS

Th' reason th' way o' th' transgressor is hard is 'cause it's so crowded.

Lots o' times parents are praised fer raisin' such a fine son when th' credit really belongs t' some Scout master.

It used t' be "that man Wilson," but nowadays it's "th' Washin'ton crowd."

Bootlegger Ike Lark announces that he'll not be available durin' th' hour of his mother's funeral.

Ther's so many wonderful opportunities t' become a reformer these days that we kin hardly resist th' temptation t' make a stab at it.

THESE DAYS

Ther's too many folks talkin' that ought t' be listenin'.

"I thought I passed your feet t'day," said Lafe Bud, when he went home an' found his sister-in-law had come fer a visit.

Ther's too much bein' said about th' inalienable right t' work where we please fer what we please by those who hain't tried it.

When it comes t' enforcin' th' Volstead law prohibition agents seem t' be about as effective as th' average chaperone.

It's been many a moon since anybuddy's had nerve enough t' name a daughter Prudence.

TH' GUITAR.

By 'Squire Marsh Swallow.

Th' passin' away of Selam Lindsey, at th' poor farm last week, brings t' mind th' ole happy, care-free guitar days. Th' gui-

AL BEASLEY IN TH' PRIME O' YOUNG MANHOOD

tar is or wuz a stringed instrument with a body somewhat shaped like a insole. It's neck is like a violin neck only different. Th' Spanish guitar Niles Turner brought home from th' Mexican war fer his

daughter had six strings—three o' gut an' three o' some other sort—wire, we believe. They wuz tuned t' E in th' second space o' th' bass staff, A in its fourth an' th' treble D, G, B an' E—I think, although I'm not positive. The intermediate intervals wuz produced by th' pressure o' th' fingers o' th' left hand in contact with frets fixed crosswise on th' keyboard runnin' up an' down th' neck. Th' fingers o' th' right hand did th' pluckin', or twitchin'. Th' Spaniards are supposed t' have discovered th' guitar, although it thrived in Thibet at a very early date, an one wuz unearthed in fair condition on Easter Island. Salem Lindsey wuz a prolific guitar player. His father had left him a fine estate, but he soon neglected th' farm an' took up with th' guitar. Acre after acre o' valuable land went t' pay his G string bills. After sellin' his stock an' farmin' implements he opened a guitar school over th' saddlery shop that used t' be located where th' town pump now stands. He taught many maid-

ens t' play th' guitar, as it wuz considered as one o' th' desirable accomplishments o' that early period. Th' music o' th' guitar wuz peculiarly sweet an' plaintive. It had no bad after effects like th' music o' t'day. Ther wuz not a pang o' regret in a whole even' of it. True, it wuz soft an' allurin' an' sweetly romantic, an' had caused some mismatin', but it has a greater number o' endurin' marriages t' its credit than most any instrument that we kin now recall. But th' guitar has had its day like various danderines. It's use dwindled till only a few firemen an' barbers cared t' bother with it. Occasionally it wuz found still in use in some livery stables as late as 1890. Fireman Al Beasley used t' be a pop'lar guitar player. He had a mouth organ, or French harp, attached t' his guitar in such a way that he could conquer both instruments at once. Th' effect wuz very beautiful, an' it looked fer awhile like th' guitar still had many years o' usefulness ahead on account o' this new contrivance.

But instead it failed rapidly from then on like lots o' people that take on new ideas. Th' busy era o' money makin' an' industry wuz too much fer th' ole languid guitar an' one is rarely seen or heard any more unless it is with some travelin' band o' imitation Hawaiians.

Bootleggers walk in where book agents fear t' tread.

Next t' handshakin', nothin' has been as overworked an' successful as promisin' t' reduce taxes.

Hain't it wonderful how th' average family all gits t'gether agin before breakfast—or nearly allus?

Wouldn' it be great if ever'buddy wuz as polite an' affable as th' feller that says, "I don't want t' take up any o' your time?"

Th' real judge o' whisky wouldn' think o' drinkin' it.

Plates wuz laid fer forty at th' 50th weddin' anniversary o' Mr. an' Mrs. Tilford Moots, yisterday, th' dry officers eatin' in th' kitchen.

Miss Tawney Apple is able t' be at her post o' duty agin after jumpin' from an auto Saturday night.

Circuses are jest beginnin' t' do th' things they had pictures of on ther show bills over fifty years ago.

Who remembers when nobuddy but an Osage Indian would drink anything?

Never take a cough t' a $3 show.

Lafe Bud has got so he kin drink or keep his $14.

Who recalls when little girls used t' put on long skirts an' play women?

Wesley Peters, who shot his hired hand, 'll be given a second trial as he had two farms.

Mrs. Jake Bentley's brother died this mornin', death resultin' naturally.

THESE DAYS

Th' average girl would have t' go some t' be as bad as she's painted.

Art Smiley, aged fifty-five, has disappeared an' grave fears are entertained that he wuz led astray while passin' th' high school.

A radio receivin' set is a dandy thing t' keep folks at home who don't drink.

Miss Irma Moots got almost halfway home last night before she wuz knocked down an' robbed.

Tipton Bud will be seventy-two years ole next coal strike.

THESE DAYS

It must make a fool feel like thirty cents when he sees where a 17-year-ole girl dares t' tread.

"You never kin tell what might happen" says Joe Kite, who's buildin' his garage first.

Th' feller that's given t' worryin' is t' be congratulated on th' present unusually fine selection o' things t' worry about.

Th' hardest thing, next t' bein' a Christian in Armenia, is scrapin' up a little sympathy fer th' feller whose car's been stolen fer th' third time.

Miss Princess Bud has got a good joke on her dad. He didn' recognize her yisterday until after he'd paid her way t' a movie.

THESE DAYS

Ther are people dyin' t'day who were never drunk before.

While out shoppin' don't cuss th' poor wrappin' girl fer bein' slow. She's waitin' fer a go ahead signal from th' bookkeeper.

You couldn' hire some fellers t' carry a watermelon, but they jest love t' lug a bowlin' ball thro' town.

Mrs. Em Moots' brother wuz so used t' seein' fast trains in th' movies that he held his ground yisterday an' wuz knocked t' smithereens.

Lafe Bud's cousin wuz poisoned by a bell boy at Dayton yisterday.

THESE DAYS

It takes an exceptional child t' pass th' bill boards these days without becomin' a cigarette smoker.

Lafe Bud found a quarter this mornin' jest as some young lady wuz goin' t' step on it.

We kin recollect when a color-blind cashier or a feller that fooled a girl wuz lost t' society ferever.

Elmer Moots says ther's lots o' things in the stores he'd like t' have if they'd be willin' t do housework.

Th' trouble with killin' somebuddy or stealin' somethin' is that we've got t' worry thro' a long, tiresome trial before we finally reach th' pardon board.

THESE DAYS

If some folks would put down th' top they wouldn' have a roof o'er ther heads.

Ther's a shade o' stockin's being worn these days, a sort of a tone between a girl's neck an' a carriage painter's arm, that hain't helpin' our return t' normalcy.

It's some country where you kin sleep in a box car t'night, write a southern jazz song t'morrow, an' own a luxurious auto th' day follerin'.

Mrs. Em Moots has a cousin that's lived in Muncie almost a year an' has never seen th' inside of a courtroom.

Clocked socks an' watched stockin's are unusually plentiful.

Mebbe th' reason we don't see more good lookin' women is because women are jest wakin' up.

Mrs. Joe Kite is nursin' in th' home o' Mrs. Tilford Moots, whose husband is legitimately paralyzed.

What gits us is how so many folks that pass in th' day's news manage t' pass.

Ther'll be a benefit fer th' "Prosperity Club" at Melodeon Hall, t'night.

Th' tie that blinds—th' Christmas tie.

THESE DAYS

"Bootleggers on th' run," says a newspaper, but that's cause they're back on ther orders.

An elephant act caved in on th' barber shop under Melodeon Hall last night.

Cheer up!!! What if ever'thing cost as much as a lamp shade?

Speakin' o' business, th' manager o' th' Monarch 5 & 10 says they've sold more checker boards durin' th' past year than in th' whole precedin' eight.

One good thing about bein' a Hunyak is if we're caught distillin' its fergotten in a day.

CHILDREN

By Dr. Mopps.

Children are great institutions. They don't only half way hold a home t'gether fer a few years, but they give parents somethin' t' think about besides cards.

SOFTENIN' AN OBDURATE HUSBAND

Babies bring estranged relatives t'gether, they thaw out rich grandparents, an' reconcile mismated couples. Children give th' neglected wife somethin' t' live fer, an' often bring th' errin' husband t' his senses. Th' advent o' th' first baby revolutionizes a home, 'specially a cramped apartment. Th' young husband then realizes fer th' first time that he's really handcuffed—that he's th' responsible head o' a real establishment, instead

o' a dollin' up station, an' th' girl wife begins t' think of all th' things they'll do after th' little darlin' gits big enough t' leave alone. Th' first baby makes a real-fer-sure partnership o' marriage. Th' low, overhangin' dread of a splitup disappears, th' mere, loose bow knot o' matrimony becomes a link o' steel, while th' four dollar plated weddin' ring is reinforced by a mutual interest that's stronger than all th' vows an' jewelry in christendom. Th' real business o' marriage has begun when th' first baby comes. Th' long years o' feedin', an' trainin', an' washin', an' dressin,' an' educatin' th' child, have started. Maybe th' home'll be blessed by other children as time goes on. In that event th' work o' raisin' 'em an' puttin' 'em on a payin' basis may cover many years. But th' time finally comes when th' children are all scattered an' gone, an' then th' parents, if they're still livin' t'gether, are free t' see th' Grand Canyon, or buy a roadster, or visit th'

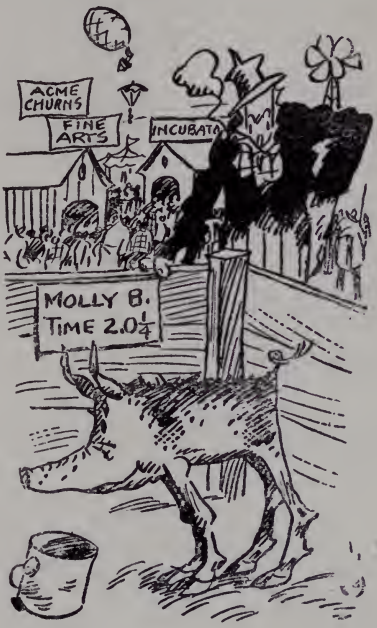
children, or do any ole thing that strikes ther fancy. Maybe they kin split up if things are too prosy. Ther's allus th' possibility of a married daughter comin' home t' roost, but she kin hunt up an aunt if her parents happen t' be estranged, or off on a little trip. Married sons are not allus doin' as well as ther mothers say they are, but they usually keep away pretty well. But parents have very generally done ther part an' are entitled t' a vacation by th' time th' last child tears out. Nothin' gladdens th' hearts o' parents like good well-t'-do sons, an' happily married daughters. Ther's a feelin' o' pride, if not security, that comes over th' parents of a kind, rich son, that can't be exaggerated, an' a feelin' o' relief in knowin' a daughter is married an' out o' harm's way that baffles adequate description. What could be finer than a big, noble well-t'-do son fer a father t' lean on? Or what is sweeter than a smilin', respectful daughter t' lighten a mother's load, an' help her pick

out a pair o' pumps? How a father likes t' say, "Henry talks some o' visitin' us this year if his firm kin spare him," an' how a mother likes t' say, "Ellie's doin' jest th' best kind." We suppose th' ole time honored custom o' raisin' families'll go on fer-ever with th' same varyin' success that has allus attended th' industry. Finley Newcomb an' wife celebrated ther sixtieth weddin' anniversary at th' county poor farm, last Tuesday, an' received a stout varnished cane an' a fancy wooden fan from ther son at Leavenworth prison.

Another menace t' life an' limb is th' feller that tries t' drive an' flirt.

A son kin never repay his mother, but she never seems t' hold it against him.

SEPTEMBER



If ther's anything worse'n a ready talker it's a prolific letter writer.

THESE DAYS

Nobuddy ever bought a friend that didn' git stung.

Next t' wearin' suspenders with a belt, th' worst thing is wearin' spats without carryin' a cane.

Constable Newt Plum wuz held up last night, but th' bandits didn' git nothin'. "Somethin' told me I'd git robbed," says Newt, "so I jest left my spectacles an' revolver at home."

After plasterin' th' town with prosperity posters yisterday, Billposter Finley Meadows grew despondent over th' business outlook an' hanged himself in th' O. K. livery barn.

Pony Mopps started t' git pickled Saturday, but he wuz too stingy t' go thro' with it.

Next t' drinkin' t' be affable, th' worst thing is paintin' your face so you kin wear gray.

It's mighty fine t' be educated an' informed if you kin hide it successfully enough not t' make ever'buddy around you uncomfortable.

We've allus wondered if Henry Ford, with all his wealth an' genius, could put a run-down hotel back on a payin' basis?

People are all alike, we're all human an' have our honest convictions an' beliefs, 'cept a few Republicans that used t' be Democrats.

We didn't know Jake Bentley's brother wuz rich till we read that his trial wouldn' come up till next July.

THESE DAYS

Some folks git married before they go t' Niagary Falls an' others suicide after they git there.

We kin tell purty much by a feller's fenders how he'd eat a roastin' ear.

Th' workmen at th' saw mill threaten t' walk out an' git in ther cars if th' boss don't quit tryin' t' run things.

Next t' a Ford we don't know o' nothin' that makes as much noise fer its size as a katydid.

Ther's few things as painful as kickin' a burglar with your bare foot.

THESE DAYS

One good turn deserves another, but one good story ought t' stand.

What gits us is why th' movie industry wants t' hire anybuddy by th' year that kin clean up anything as big an' complicated as th' pustoffice department in a couple o' months.

A few satisfied customers kin do more'n a full page ad, but a lot o' store keepers don't seem t' know it.

Folks that can't stand prosperity are still comparatively safe.

Thanks t' th' radio, th' home is beginin' t' show some signs o' life.

Remember how we used t' dread t' go t' a party before they made it at home.

Th' burlesque show at Melodeon Hall, last night, seemed t' be on its last legs.

Mrs. Tilford Moots has received a pustal card from her niece, who's visitin' in Californy, sayin' she's decided t' stay until murder after next.

Speakin' o' big crowds, we recall when Bryan spoke here, jest before his last defeat, a woman passed her baby o'er th' heads o' th' crowd fer th' Commoner t' kiss, an' when she got her kid back he wuz married an' settled in Kokomo.

"If I can't git in th' movies I kin git on a jury," says Lon Moon, who's goin' t' Californy.

THESE DAYS

A cigar is like some people, jest as soon as it gits pop'lar it begins t' deterioate.

If th' camera would only lie it could pick up a lot o' money.

Among th' rare curios in Tell Binkley's collection is a photergraph o' Pauline Batchelor with a dress on.

Gran-maw Pash went t' town t'day t' git th' knocks taken out of her false teeth.

Ole Niles Turner is a candidate fer th' school board an' he's wetter'n Detroit.

THESE DAYS

You won't skid if you stay in a rut.

If anything th' movie kiss is longer an' soggier under Bill Hays than it wuz in th' ole days.

Th' boarders at th' Elite Drug store have presented Pharmacist Artie Small with a handsome carvin' set.

Lafe Bud's uncle, who has been dabblin' around with first one thing then another fer years, will address our business men on "Application, th' Steppin' Stone t' Success."

"Well, I'm glad Bill has finally got with a goin' concern," said Uncle Niles Turner, when Bill Hays resigned from th' Hardin' administration an' signed up with th' screeners.

THESE DAYS

You can't stop a thing by makin' a crime of it.

No matter what business we're in, we all have times when we'd love t' be a policeman.

Married men live jest as long as single men—if they're slick.

How are we goin' t' tell when a flapper becomes a woman?

Mrs. Tipton Bud missed "Th' Four Horsemen" at th' Fairy Grotto, last night, as she had t' hold a burglar till th' constable come.

THESE DAYS

It's cheaper t' pay rent than marry a home.

Even if labor an' capital do git t'gether, we're confronted with a fer worse combination—long skirts an' bobbed hair.

Another drawback t' a wife in th' back seat is that she can't see from where she sets that we didn' come within a mile o' hittin' somethin'.

Who remembers when gasoline didn't have a first name?

We hain't got prohibition. It only costs more.

WHAT TH' PEOPLE WANT.

By th' Proprietor o' th' Little Gem Resturint

We're allus hearin' references t' "th' people," what they're demandin' an' what they'll stand fer. Th' feller that talks about what "th' people" want may think he knows what his own neighbors, or community, or state wants, but we don't believe anybuddy knows what th' country, or th' people as a whole, wants, an' what's worse, we don't believe "th' people" know 'emselves. Th' other day we heard a feller remark, "How long will th' people stand it?" We don't know whether he wuz talkin' about th' 8-cent cigar or bobbed hair, but whatever it wuz 'll prob'ly run its course like "After th' Ball," our aroused patriotism, an' plucked eyebrows, an' then be cast aside fer somethin' more excitin'. Sometimes a considerable number o' people git impatient an' club t'gether an'

lynch somebuddy, an' occasionally they all git ther heads t'gether an' elect a reformer, but it hain't long till they're all split up agin. A feller 'll declare, "th' people" demand light beer an' wine, an' th' next day eight or nine hundred dry candidates 'll be elected all over th' country, from senators up t' coroners. Sometimes a formidable bulk o' th' voters 'll become aroused an' demand a change, but it hain't no time till they're tired of it, an' demandin' another one. It's got so a statesman never knows where he stands—idolized t'day an' hissed on th' screen t'morrow afternoon. Roosevelt wuz idolized, kicked out, an reidolized. "People are funny things," remarked Manager Gabe Craw, o' Melodeon Hall t'day. "They'll clamor fer musical shows fer a while, an' then kick up an' demand a mellerdrama, an' then ther'll be a long lull when they don't seem t' want nothin', an' then I'll give 'em a burlesque

THESE DAYS

A CANDIDATE GUESSIN' IT TH' FIRST TIME

show, an' they'll do purty well fer a spell, an' then ask fer 'East Lynne.' They jest don't seem t' know what they want." People 'll rush t' a new restaurant fer awhile, an' jest as soon as th' proprietor thinks he's all set, an' starts t' buy an automobile, they desert him. Ever'thing, restaurants, statesmen, songs, derby hats, bobbed hair, an' all kinds o' styles an' fads, seem t' have jest so long t' live, an' then "th' people" drop 'em fer somethin' different. We're amazed that "th' people" have stood th' saxophone so long. But we'll say this fer "th' people," they're allus willin' t' give most anything a trial, an' some things a second trial, an' that's what keeps th' country balled up an' unsettled most o' th' time. Of course we believe th' styles ought t' change occasionally, an' a new song helps out once in awhile, an' it's a healthy sign when some fellers git kicked out o' office, but ther's a whole lot o' fundamentals in this life that "th' people"

ought t' quit monkeyin' with, things they ought t' accept an' git reconciled to. We hain't got much but a cow, but we'll stake her that death, taxes, an' th' shirt waist are here t' stay.

THESE DAYS

Th' success o' Master Jackie Coogan is proof that a clean life won't hold you back if you've got th' goods.

Th' feller that marries a girl that rolls her own is purty sure t' darn his own.

Mrs. Lafe Bud's maid skipped out last night takin' a pair o' black embroidered silk stockin's an' a recipe fer beer.

Jake Bentley's daughter, who wuz married yisterday, is th' first stubby stout t' pick up a husband here in three of four years.

Lafe Bud had a chance t' buy a case o' Scotch whisky an' some Holland gin this mornin', so th' world hain't so big after all.

OCTOBER

Next t' waitin' fer a laundry t' adjust a claim, th' worst thing is standin' around while a clerk hunts somethin' you saw in th' show window.

Be sure you know what it's goin' t' cost, then go ahead, is th' wise course these days.

Of all th' good ole sayin's, th' one that's gone ahead an' kept up with th' times is, "Ther's no fool like an' ole fool."

We don't believe it gits a congressman anything t' send a package o' watermelon seeds t' a feller that lives in apartments.

It's easy t' tell whether a son looks like his father or mother, but th' modern daughter don't look like anybuddy we ever saw unless it's Pauline Hall or Della Fox.

We've never wanted t' hold but one office, one givin' us th' authority t' make public utilities that tear up th' streets, put 'em back immediately jest exactly like they wuz.

THESE DAYS

Few things look as shiftless as a big, strong, full grown man sellin' pop.

In India th' girls marry at th' age o' ten, but in this country they don't begin t' paint up an' scout around till they're thirteen.

Mrs. Tilford Moots has quit votin' an' gone back t' housekeepin'.

Fiends in human form stole a cook stove from th' Lafe Bud home last evenin' while Mrs. Bud wuz tunin' in on Balboa, C. G.

"Jest foller th' broken jugs," said Constable Plum, t'day, when a stranger asked th' way t' Louisville.

THESE DAYS

Some folks are so anxious t' git ther money's worth that they'll buy a ticket t' a home talent performance an' then go.

Tell Binkley overslep this mornin' as no burglars showed up.

Oscar Sapp, who wuz buried under his car, t'day, died from th' loss o' blood while th' officers searched fer liquor.

Th' hardest thing is t' keep behind a good lookin' girl without seemin' t' be tryin'.

Jake Bentley an' family are goin' t' make an extensive tour o' th' world—when th' tariff does all th' things fer th' farmer it's supposed t' do.

Thanks t' th' radio, a feller no longer has t' own a tuxedo t' hear good singin'..

THESE DAYS

Women are purty keen about ever'thing but pickin' out a provider an' fixin' an allowance fer a son.

"I'm jest like a pair o' white stockin's," complained Tell Binkley, t'day, "I start out fine, but I soon wilt an' look frazzled."

If th' girls 'll jest display ther real dispositions while they're at it, all will be fergiven.

We hardly ever encounter th' once pop'lar jett black raven mustache anymore unless we meet a veteran policeman.

We hope suspenders do come back, fer if ther's anything worse'n a woman powderin' her nose at ever show window she comes to, it's a feller yankin' his trousers up ever half block.

There's such a thing as bein' so home lovin' that you don't amount t' any.

"I'll be glad when th' crime wave's over. If I set in th' front room th' burglars go in the back way, an' if I set in a back room they go in th' front way," says Mrs. Tilford Moots.

Who remembers th' ole, dusty, open bin grocery where we used t' eat 15 cents worth o' dried peaches while we wuz buyin' a 10-cent can o' sardines.

Manager Gabe Craw, o' Melodeon Hall, had decided t' take out weather insurance if coal don't come down.

Maybe we're too observin', but have you ever noticed what disreputable lookin' shoes shoe clerks wear?

Ever' time we read about tumultous applause an' vest throngs we're reminded of all th' hats we lost on ex-Senitur Beveridge.

THESE DAYS

If our army in France had been composed o' congressmen it would be runnin' yit.

Th' nickel cigar has come sneakin' back, but we wouldn' want it named after us.

Th' show at Melodeon Hall, last night, didn' let out till after midnight as th' magician had t' borrow a plug hat.

In enumeratin' all th' extravagance o' th' war, th' stump speaker fergits t' mention that we trained, fed an' clothed two million too many soldiers, also.

Speakin' o' th' origin o' man, we're rather inclined t' believe that most folks are fer more interested in what prices used t' be.

Some candidates openly boast that they'll enforce th' laws, an' others are elected.

THESE DAYS

Ther's nothin' as uncertain as a sure thing.

Contractor Al Blizzard wuz fined $500 an' thirty days in jail t'day fer allowin' empty cement bags t' blow over th' streets. He got off easy.

A carpenter 'll sharpen his saw, an' he'll set his plane, an' he'll sight down a two by four, an' if we wait around long enough we may catch him workin'.

Some stranger rented a house here t'day without his wife first seein' it, an' th' neighbors already have him listed as a domineerin' brute.

Farmer Jake Bentley takes this means t' announce that he plowed an' voted both on election day.

THESE DAYS

Next t' a stepladder, th' most dangerous thing t' have around th' house is a loaded revolver.

Jake Bentley fell off a load o' hay t'day an' had t' crawl all th' way t' th' golf links t' have his leg set.

Th' new corpse shade stockin's th' girls are wearin' certainly give ther applied complexions dead away.

Th' only feller we ever knowed that tried t' give th' public what it wanted owned a the-ater.

Aunt Mandy Kite died t'day before her doctor could change his clothes an' git in from th' Country Club.

When it comes t' floods, we'll take water ever' time in preference t' oratory.

"I don't feel one bit sorry fer her," says Mrs. Em Moon, in speakin' o' Mrs. Joe Bentley, whose husband died o' pneumony t'day. "She didn' love him or she'd o' shot him years ago."

Vesper Moots pitched five no-hit games last season, an' he hain't been in college quite a year.

We'll say this fer th' bootlegger—of all th' gougers he's th' only one that don't use his overhead fer an alibi.

Lib Pash's brother, who wuz sentenced t' be hanged next month, cheated th' pardon board by suicidin' last night.

THESE DAYS

Th' feller with th' best ideas is allus hooked up where he can't use 'em.

An onion a day 'll keep th' breath inspector away.

'Bout th' only thing a wife leaves around th' house where we kin find it is a bill.

Pinky Kerr has got a joke on th' music stores—Mrs. Lake Bud thinks o' buyin' a pianner an' they don't know it.

Movie fans don't seem t' know President Hardin' when they see him.

THESE DAYS

It's got so we're regarded as bein' as hard up fer somethin' t' say if we mention business as we are if we talk about th' weather.

Some necessities are comparatively cheap, but look what we have t' compare 'em with.

Usually when a feller drops out o' politics it hain't much of a fall.

Th' old fashioned candidate that used t' promise t' reduce taxes, now has a son runnin' fer office that's goin' t' bring booze back.

Carpet Sweeper Solicitor Buddy Mopps reports seein' a Bible on a livin' room table in th' west part o' town last week.

TH' GENEROUS DISTRIBUTION O' TROUBLE.

By Rev. Wiley Tanger.

We don't believe ther's anything, not barrin' th' air we breathe, that's as widely an' generously distributed as trouble. Ever'buddy we talk to has got some, an' every'b u d dy we hear of has a plenty. Lots o' folks manage t' git along on imaginary trouble till th' real thing comes along, an' imaginary trouble is even worse than actual trouble. Some folks are born with trouble, others marry trouble, an' some make ther o w n. S o m e b o r r o w trouble, others have trouble handed t' 'em, while many less patient people hustle out an' dig up

SOME FOLKS BUY TROUBLE

trouble. Some people are miserable if somethin' hain't troublin' 'em t' complain about, while others pretend t' be fine an' dandy. Trouble seems t' be a part o' th' scheme o' life an' nobuddy is immune. We have smilin' optimists, but they have ther dull days, an' we have thick skinned whistlers that grin thro' all sorts o' rebuffs an' disappointments, but they finally have t' settle. Jake Bentley's case is a notable one. He's whistled an' hummed thro' funerals, an' fires, an' floods an' two or three wives. Last week we saw him leanin' agin th' Peoples' Bank, an' as we drew near we noticed he wuzn' whistlin'. He couldn' start his car, an' all his optimism deserted him in a body. But th' face is not allus th' index t' a feller's peace o' mind. We never know what's back of a smilin' personality or a row o' beautiful bill boards. Th' gracious hostess may burst int' a flood o' tears before she has time t' turn th' down stairs lights off after her friends depart. We often read,

"When last seen he wuz in th' best o' spirits." A husband may own two cars an' love his family an' be thrown in jail t'morrow. A society queen may live in luxury an' be th' life of her set an' weep bitter tears because her ankles don't suit her. A youth may be th' envy of all his associates an' t' all appearances fixed fer life, an' skulk away an' grieve because he can't find a soft collar that'll stand up. Some fellers kid an' joke along an' make money an' live fine an' have all kinds o' luck an' then fall in love with some flapper that can't see him with a searchlight. Sometimes a feller's wife'll stick t' him in adversity an' love an' encourage him an' yet he'll complain. Ever' two or three months Chauncey Depew celebrates his birthday an' issues a statement sayin' all is well, yet we'll bet he has his troubles between banquets. No home is complete without trouble. We hear o' happy homes, but they're only not quite as unhappy as some others. No home gits by very long

without a calamity, but some homes handle 'em beter. Some folks worry inwardly while others pe-rade ther troubles. Some folks like t' think that they've been singled out fer all th' trouble, but such is not th' case. If they'd read th' papers they'd see where nearly ever'buddy's full up with trouble o' one kind or another. But trouble certainly takes th' conceit out of us an' upsets that smugness that too often makes us feel superior an' apart from th' common run o' humanity. We kin stay single an' keep measurably happy, an' we kin move in apartments an' evade taxes, but nobuddy ever yit side-stepped trouble.

NOVEMBER

Th' girl in a print dress needn' worry about not havin' any swell clothes as fer as we're concerned.

We noticed one thing—an "attractive widow" nearly allus has some insurance money.

"Mostly farmers," said Manager Gabe Craw, t'day, when a the-atrical agent asked him about th' acoustics o' Melodeon Hall.

Th' smile in business wuz introduced durin' th' palmy days o' th' war, an' it begins t' look like th' retailer wuz goin' t' stick to it.

Little children don't run t' meet ther parents like they used to, an' we wonder if anything has come between them.

Th' trouble with lookin' unusually well an' hearty is that somebuddy's allus predictin' that we'll go all at once some day.

THESE DAYS

We've often wondered why labor don't use th' same tactics as capital an' then th' public wouldn' know what it wuz puttin' over till it wuz too late.

Some fellers ideer o' showin' ther wives a good time is takin' 'em on a campin' trip.

Miss Fawn Lippincut got almost downtown t'day before she remembered she had a hole in th' knee of her left stockin'.

Sheriff-elect Ike Soles used th' Bible in this fall's campaign instead of th' Hardin' administration.

A bride 'll promise t' love, honor an' obey, an' before th' icin' is cold on th' weddin' cake she'll flatly refuse t' leave town in a day coach.

THESE DAYS

Some people may stand fer onions, but we don't believe anybuddy ever really excused 'em.

Joe Lark has come out broken arched fer light fines an' beer.

Th' public has got too many grievances of its own these days t' waste any sympathy on either capital or labor.

Th' latest fad among th' male flappers is th' Valentino sideburns.

"Nothin' gits my goat as quick as th' meditative coo of a turtle dove," said Gran'maw Bud, last evenin', as she took her chair an' went indoors.

THESE DAYS

If we all kept our ears as close t' th' ground as we keep our eyes we might learn a few things.

Th' nearest we've come t' hearin' any of our women voters discuss th' great political questions o' th' day is an occasional reference t' "that ole Wilson," or "that ole Hardin'."

Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Shott are raisin' a daughter an' they're scared t' death fer fear she'll git hold of a Sunday newspaper.

Uncle Ez Pash has cut out sugar an' white bread so he kin vote th' Democratic ticket ten years longer.

Another drawback t' havin' a family t' support is that we've got t' decline so many honors.

THESE DAYS

If th' modern three-fer-a-quarter cigar is any barometer we haint even started back t' normalcy.

A spoken performance o' "East Lynne," by one o' th' best companies afoot, 'll be given at Melodeon Hall in th' near future.

It begins t' look like short skirts, like high prices, are only goin' t' come down in rare an' unimportant instances.

One reason we don't believe in signs is because so many red-nosed fellers with droopin' mustache hang around "soft drink" saloons.

Next t' findin' a suitable site fer a carbuncle, th' hardest thing is carryin' a mattress upstairs.

THESE DAYS

It seems t' us we're gittin' too much service these days an' not enough o' what we buy.

Some Republicans see prosperity jest ahead, while others maintain that it's jest around th' corner.

"Oh shoot, I thought we'd git t' take a long strike vacation this fall, but th' saw mill met Joe's demands," complained Mrs. Lark, t'day.

Who remembers when a dentist wuzn' too proud t' pull teeth?

An' intoxicated stranger wuz up before 'Squire Marsh Swallow this mornin', an' after bein' closely questioned as t' jest where he got it, th' case wuz postponed.

Tell Binkley has cancelled his collision insurance since skirts dropped.

Who ever wrote, "Darlin', I'm Growin' Ole," wuz a quitter.

Rev. Wiley Tanger has announced that beginnin' January first, all bass singers must furnish reference an' a cash bond before servin' in th' choir.

'Cept death an' taxes, we wouldn' bet on nothin', 'less it wuz a coal strike.

Next t' a dog's nose there hain't nothin' as cold as a drama audience at a vaudeville show.

Mrs. Lafe Bud's livin' room rug'll be nineteen payments ole t'morrow.

TH' SONGS O' YESTERDAY.

By Clem Harner, th' Veteran Minstrel.

Ther's a lot o' difference between th' pop'lar songs o' t'day an' th' pop'lar songs o' my time. Th' pathetic ballad used t' be all th' rage. I've seen whole the-aters full o' people weep at a song. It wuz a wonderful sight t' look out at an audience from th' stage while a ballad wuz bein' sung—t' look out upon a sea o' tears sparklin' in th' soft, mellow gas light o' th' auditorium. Folks preferred songs tinged with sadness. It wuz along about this period that th' great emotional plays o' East Lynne an' Camille captured th' country. One night at La Rue, Ohio, a feller

A MOTTO VOCALIST OF TH' LATE 80's

suicided by jumpin' out o' th' gallery while a young minstrel tenor (an' snare drummer in th' band) wuz singin' "I Believe It 'Cause My Mother Told Me So." "Where Is My Wanderin' Boy T'night?" "Just Break th' News t' Mother," "Put My Little Shoes Away," "Only a Pansy Blossom," an' "Teach Our Baby That I'm Dead," are a few o' th' ole timers that used t' saturate th' the-ater floors. You could never tell when one o' these songs wuz goin' t' stir up a tender recollection an' somebuddy would have t' be carried out o' th' the-ater. "Jest Tell 'Em That You Saw Me" wuz one o' th' last o' th' pathetic ballads t' sadden th' country. I've even seen th' orchestry break down an' cry at this song, while th' singer himself had t' use smellin' salts t' go thro' with th' last verse. Th' story o' th' song wuz like this: A feller wuz in a big city on a $1 excursion an' on mere pleasure bent. He wuz jest comin' out of a 20-cent resturint when he saw a flashy lookin' girl he thought he

recognized. "Is that you Madge?" he cried t' her, an' she quickly turned away. He chased after her, an' catchin' her by th' feather boa, he continued, "Don't turn away, Madge, I'm still your friend." Well, then, th' girl didn' know what t' say or do. She wuz caught dead t' rights. She wuz dressed too good t' be workin', an', besides, she had no trade or callin' whereby she could earn a livin'. At best she couldn' have been makin' over six dollars a week in them days. Th' fact wuz she wuzn' livin' right. Finally she wept, then th' feller said, "I'm goin' back home on No. 18 an' I thought perhaps some message you'd like t' send." She hesitated a little, an' then she half-way looked up an' said, with her big eyes filled with tears, "Jest tell 'em that you saw me, an' they'll know th' rest, jest tell 'em I wuz lookin' well, you know." The feller promised he'd tell 'em, an' wuz jest about t' dodge in fer a couple o' beers when th' girl cried t' him an' said, in tremblin' voice,

"An' tell mother dear I love her jest th' same as I did long years ago, an' some day I'm comin' home agin t' her." These last lines wuz allus th' cue fer th' audience t' break completely down, if not th' singer. Once while watchin' th' audience leave th' the-ater after hearin' th' song I heard a feller say t' his girl, "Shall we stop at th' resturint an' git some oysters, May?" An' she said, "No, Albert dear, take me home quickly," an' both dried ther eyes an' climbed in a buggy.

DECEMBER

You'd hardly know Ike Sole's car since he's repainted th' wheels an' changed th' engine number.

Never count on anything turnin' up but your toes.

Constable Newt Plum confisticated fifty-nine quarts o' bottled in barn whisky this mornin'.

Most any candidate wuz glad enough t' have th' brewers behind him this fall.

Mrs. Lafe Bud shot an' seriously injured her husband yisterday fer usin' an embroidered company towel.

After stubbornly holdin' out fer ten years th' owner o' th' O. K. livery barn has finally announced that he'll remodel t' suit tenant.

THESE DAYS

Aviators allus retire without knowin' it.

Prob'ly our school teachers don't git anything like what they earn, but they couldn' look any peachier on $75,000 a month.

Albert Bentley, abscondin' cashier o' th' Peoples Bank, first attracted public notice by not smokin' or chewin'.

Bootlegger Ike Lark is sufferin' from a nervous collapse after a strenuous year, an' Dr. Mopps has advised him t' lay out a couple o' fines till he regains his strength.

Th' ole time bartender used t' ask whether we wanted rye or bourbon, but t'day's bootlegger simply asks, "white or red?"

THESE DAYS

It's an ill wind that don't show which way th' limbs bow.

We don't care much fer anything Henry Ford says 'less it relates t' autos.

Lafe Bud an' family, who've been livin' beyond ther income, are movin' back int' th' west half o' th' four-room house east o' th' saw mill.

Remember th' ole days before cigarettes when you used t' go home after sparkin' an' hold your vest upside down an' shake out th' broken cigars.

Wouldn' it be awful t' be immensely rich an' try t' find a present fer your wife?

THESE DAYS

A livin' wage depends mostly on who we're livin' with.

Th' pardon o' Debs marked th' first devergence from th' Wilson policies.

Another thing prohibition seems t' have wiped out is honor among thieves.

Christmus is th' season when folks don't care what kind o' books they give jest so they're thick.

Joe Lark bought a pair o' shoes t'day with some money he had left from th' Wilson administration.

THESE DAYS

Uncle Niles Turner, 103, says he kin remember when we first started t' stop gamblin'.

Who recalls when we used t' take our coats an' hats an' unbrellers out o' th' hall an' put 'em in a safe place an' keep open house on New Year's day?

It's jest about got so a senatorial election is our leadin' circulatin' medium.

Most ever' girl has all th' details of her weddin' mapped out 'cept who she's goin' t' hook.

"I think I'll jest hang ont' this," said Tell Binkley, t'day, as he put his plug hat in a trunk. "I threw a corkscrew away too soon once."

THESE DAYS

Lots o' folks pass fer optimists when they only have th' knack o' shirkin' responsibility.

We never hear o' any romances bein' traced t' a patent medicine picture.

"This has been an awful easy winter on corn," said Jake Bentley, t'day. "We've only burned five tons so fer."

We kin recall when it wuz quite a compliment t' say somebuddy made a bully speech.

Another thing a feller never fails t' learn at college is how t 'run in debt.

Mother may be emancipated, but her children keep on makin' a slave o' her jest th' same.

War on profiteers, heh? Why, there hain't nothin' profiteers like bettern' a war.

Carpenter Joe Moots dropped a hatchet on his toe when th' whistle blew t'day.

Mrs. Lafe Bud threw a surprise fer her husband last evenin'. She wuz at home when he got there.

We can't see no great change in conditions from two years ago, 'cept th' criticism is missin'.

THESE DAYS

We'll all know when times are good without readin' it in th' newspapers.

Druggist Artie Small cut his thumb t' day while fillin' a prescription fer a pork sandwich.

"I'd know th' name if I heard it," seems t 'be th' most pop'lar of all th' bone-head remarks.

Who remembers when ther used t' allus be a big jollification after an election jest t' kind o' rub it in?

Tell Binkley wuz arrested fer a Ku Klux, last night, while walkin' in his sleep.

THESE DAYS

Ther's bound t' be trouble when our reputation outgrows our income.

"Let me tell you a funny coincidence," so many folks 'll say, an' then they tell us somethin' that hain't a coincidence at all.

"They must have company, th' cellar's lit up," said Miss Fawn Lippincut, as she passed the Bud home last night.

Stew Nugent writes his mother here that he wuz th' only one in a class o' seven that successfully passed an auto theft investigation at Columbus, Ohio last week.

Hank Wiley, once a wild an' pop'lar resident here, is livin' very simple in Kansas with one wife an' a used car.

THESE DAYS

Idleness is demoralizin', an' if you're rich it's nearly allus fatal.

Elmer Moots took a little walk around town t'day jest t' see 'f he could find any o' th' fellers he used t' know before he bought a car.

Four beauty doctors are tinkerin' with Mrs. Linnet Spry, but they hain't given th' husband any hope.

Somebuddy's allus talkin' about educatin' "th' people" up t' somethin'. Th' tariff has been discussed fer forty years an' "th' people" don't seem to be onto it yit.

Here's a hunch—Henry Ford got rich sellin' th' people what they wanted without holdin' 'em up.

THESE DAYS

Jake Bentley's team scared at Mame Moon, yisterday, who's said t' be th' purtiest woman in th' suffrage movement.

Th' backbone of our civilization is made up o' fellers that eat in ther shirt sleeves, say "hain't saw," chew scrap t'backer an' trim ther finger nails in public, so don't nag 'em.

If bootleggers would drink with ther customers like th' ole time bartender did, ther wouldn' be any.

Between folks tourin' in cars an' fellers walkin' from Frisco t' Boston it's a wonder th' railroads hold up as well as they do.

Henry Ford is purty rich considerin' he never took advantage of his opportunities.

THESE DAYS

If there's anything worse'n a long-haired man it's a short haired woman.

Virtue is its own reward, but vice don't even chip in on th' gas.

Mrs. Tilford Moots' gran'father, who has played golf fer th' past three years, died anyhow t'day.

Another thing that'll have t' be revised is th' ole slogan, "vote fer th' best man."

Th' surest way t' double your money is t' make a "double" out o' your house.

Ther's many a lie spoken in an effort t' be agreeable.

Lafe Bud'll build a double house an' live in one side an' off th' other.

Joe Kite says he never swore but five times in his life an' that wuz when a window shade pulled off th' roller.

Next t' findin' a good 10-cent cigar, th' hardest thing is locatin' a gypsy woman's waist line.

Pustmaster Joe Spry announces that th' pustoffice 'll be closed t'morrow while he gits his revolver cleaned.

THESE DAYS

Sympathy should begin at home.

Ther used t' nearly allus be a woman in th' case, but now it's a girl.

Farms are payin' so poorly lawyers won't take 'em.

Miss Eloise Moots is almost ugly enough t' be an expert swimmer.

'Bout th' only bargain we know of these days in payin' t' see a boxin' match an' gittin' a prize fight.

Th' feller that shoots his wife an' kills himself must feel cheap when she gits well.

THESE DAYS

Lafe Bud is organizin' a company t' manufacture quicksilver fer movie tears.

Cashier Lem Smiley has neuritis in both shoulders an' it's all he kin do t' raise his hands above his head.

Miss Tawney Apple is practicin' chest expansion an' heavin' t' play queens an' sorceresses in th' movies.

Who said takin' care o' your friends don't git you anywhere?

Senator Newberry seems t' be a bigger fizzle than an off-year mayor.

THESE DAYS

Th' leader o' any enterprise should never be a feller with nothin' t' lose.

If mother ever gits a six-hour day somebuddy's goin' t' have t' fork over a lot o' overtime.

It don't seem t' us that ther's as many sober second thoughts as ther used t' be.

We've often wondered if a farmer don't wish he'd kept out o' trouble when, after killin' his neighbor, he reads how prominent an' well-t'-do he is.

Tell Binkley has loaned his bootlegger t' Tipton Bud till he gits back from Iowa.

THESE DAYS

Th' divorce mill is still runnin' an open shop an' 'way back on its orders.

Th' Elite Drug Store wuz robbed shortly after noon yisterday while th' pharmacist wuz washin' dishes.

We'd think a whole lot more o' beauty doctors if they'd occasionally advise a change o' scene fer some patients.

"Sorry, but I'm as crowded as th' alcoholic wing of a hospital," said Landlord Gabe Craw, this mornin', when a stranger started t' register.

Business may finally git back t' normal, but we don't believe th' cotton stockin' factories 'll ever pay expenses agin.

THESE DAYS

Th' difference between a divorce battle an' a world war is that th' newspaper readers have t' wear th' gas masks.

Next t' somebuddy eatin' celery ther hain't nothin' that gits on our nerves as quick as a clerk trailin' along behind us when we're tryin' t' shop.

We don't care if women do git off o' street cars backwards. We should be glad they don't git on backwards.

It's a dull day when some woman don't die in a poorhouse that used t' be th' toast o' th' town.

Never elect a feller to a county office that needs th' money.

Modest an' modish look lots alike, but they're awful different.

Joe Lark was half shot while walkin' thro' th' woods t'day, bein' mistaken fer a skunk.

Nine-tenths o' th' people don't know how th' other tenth lives—without automobiles.

Some folks are universally disliked, an' others git excused 'cause its "jest ther way."

Ther's one good thing about taxes—they keep us aroused an' anxious t' vote.

THESE DAYS

It rains on th' just an' th' just fine.

It's jest about as dangerous t' lend your name as your money these times.

Live so you kin remember where you wuz last night.

We don't believe we're goin' t' like th' new long skirts that hang like a wet flag on a still day.

Some folks may not toil, but they spin jest th' same.

Mrs. Tilford Moots' brother sold his big farm t'day after jest makin' expenses fer th' last two years. He says it's too long between world wars fer farmin' t' pay.

THESE DAYS

Some couples are like a grand opery company—they git along fine in public.

It jest seems t' be impossible t' be great an' tidy.

Mrs. Tipton Bud has sent her favorite recipe fer angel cake t' th' newspapers, an' she hain't been at home long enough at a time fer ten years t' even boil an egg.

Hon. Ex-Editur Cale Fluhart successfully evaded th' issues fer three hours in an eloquent address at th' monster p'litical meetin' last night.

"Kin a mother hold a home t'gether an' be prominent in either art, literature, politics, or business? O' course she kin if she jest sets her mind t' it," declares Mrs. Em Moots. "I made fifty-one p'litical speeches this fall as agin forty-nine last fall. My husband is missin' an' my children are all happily situated. Oscar is in th' reg'lar army, Beatrice is married t' a Korean priest that wears his shirt over his pantaloons an' a plug hat, an' Henry holds th' shot put record o' school No. 8, with a put o' fifty-one feet with a 16-pound shot. Any woman with a fireless cooker an' a little pep kin mix up anything if she jest thinks so an' don't let her home destroy her usefulness."

Th' Bentley-Mopps weddin' wuz called off last night as th' preacher couldn' find a parkin' place.

A woman allus stays longer after she gits up t' go than she does before she starts t' leave.

"I want t' say this fer Wilson," said Hon. Ex-Editur Cale Fluhart, t'day, "No President in all history ever picked as many fellers that turned out t' be great intellectual giants after they died as he did."

Lafe Bud wuz takin' a straw vote an' he asked Miss Fawn Lippincut how she wuz goin' t' vote, an' she said: "In my blue tricolette, I guess."

THESE DAYS

"We'd go lots more'n we do, but we're hampered with a home," complained Mrs. Lafe Bud, t'day.

THE END

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